

A HARD TIME

Little Percival's eyes were full of tears. Miss Miggs, a kind soul, attracted by the sound of Percival's sorrow, approached him, saying:

"Come, come, my little man! Why are you crying?"

"Mother smacked me!"

"Why, you're not a naughty little boy, are you?"

"No, I only made some dents in the front doorsteps."

"That doesn't sound a very serious matter. Did you make the dents with your little spade?"

"N-n-no! With father's watch!"

THANKFUL

Native—Yes, I says the squire be praised. He give us that bootiful free library.

Tourist—I'm glad you appreciate it, but you don't look like a reading man either.

Native—No, sur; I don't use the library, but my old woman gets the job o' cleaning it out!

HAD BEEN LOOKING

"Mother," said Bobby, after a full week of obedience, "have I been a good boy lately?"

"Yes, dear," replied his mother, "a very, very good boy."

"And do you trust me?"

"Why, of course, mother trusts her little boy!"

"I mean really, really trust me, you know?" he explained.

"Yes, I really, really trust you!" nodded his mother. "Why do you ask?"

"Just because," said Bobby, diving his hands into his pockets, and looking her in the face. "If you trust me like you say you do, why do you go on hiding the jam?"—Intermountain Catholic.

HE REMEMBERED

Boasting of his memory, a witness said he could remember what every painter engaged on a certain job last October was doing on any particular day mentioned.

Counsel pointed out that 29 painters were engaged, and asked the witness what a man named Gardner was doing on Oct. 17.

The Witness—He was mixing paint.
Counsel—It is surprising you should remember that. How do you know Gardner was mixing paint?

The Witness—Because I am Gardner.

THE DAIRY'S MAINSTAY

While traveling through Alabama a young salesman was one day forced to dine at a farmhouse. Not being very well satisfied with his meal of cornbread and bacon, he asked if he might have a glass of milk.

"No!" replied his host. "Ah don't reckon you'll find any milk around here since the dog died."

"Since the dog died!" echoed the stranger. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Why," replied the farmer, "who do you all reckon's goin' to go an' fetch the cow?"—Everybody's.

